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"THE CHANGES OF EARTH,"

A POEM,

BY B. B. FRENCH, ESQ.

DELIVERED BEFORE THE CAPITOL HILL INSTITUTE, IN THE
CITY OF WASHINGTON.

SINCE the first sunlight spread itself o'er earth,
Since Chaos gave a thousand systems birth,
Since first the morning stars together sung,
Since first this globe was on its axle hung,
Untiring change, with ever moving hand,
Has waved o'er earth his more than magic wand.
'Twas the decree of Him, who all things made,
By whom each world was in a balance weighed,
And poised so nicely in its orb'd sphere,
That, not one varying second through the year,
In all the movements of His mighty plan,
Can be detected by the eye of man ;
That all these works—immortal and sublime—
Should know no change until the death of Time.
And they *are* changeless, as the circling blood,
And deep pulsations, of the heart of God !
These, *only*, change *not*—but the things of earth—
Man in his manhood—childhood in its mirth—
The sighing forest, and the spreading plain—
The rolling river, and the heaving main—
The cloud-capped mountain, and the silent dell,
All change—and Times and Ages change as well.

Be it our task, in this brief hour, to scan
Some of Earth's many changes, wrought by Man ;
The Past to view by history's faithful light,
And mark the teeming Present in its flight.
The Past—the mighty Past—where is its bound ?
Its end is *now*—where can its germ be found ?
To Eden's blissful bowers we trace man's birth,
But where begun this rolling, teeming earth ?

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We cannot know—years upon years have rolled
Since Time first saw, all robed in hues of gold,
The earliest sunbeam gleaming forth in light,
And bursting through the long—long reign of night.
Earth then was void—chaotic ruin lay,
Spread vast and wide beneath the god of day,
And circling years of order roll'd around
Ere an immortal soul creation crowned—
Then the great Ruler, to his mighty plan,
Added his Image, and he called it man !
And man was perfect—o'er each creeping thing
He walked erect, and God pronounced him king.
Unnumbered days of happiness were his,
Nor sorrow, pain or care alloy'd his bliss—
Blessed with a Being of angelic mould,
Time on his course, by him unnoted, rolled ;
A Paradise of sweets to him was given,
And daily, hourly, he communed with Heaven !

Temptation came—that bane to all things good,
That syren power, which man has ne'er withstood
E'en to this hour. It entered Eden's bowers,
And spread its blasting breath o'er all the flowers.
But chief o'er woman was its dread control—
Her unsuspecting, pure and spotless soul
It chiefly sought to lure away to wrong—
And woman yielded to the serpent song.
And man—the first, the noblest of our race—
Could he resist the tempter's dire embrace ?
His better angel having quaffed the bowl
Whose draught gave wisdom to the human soul,
A double tempter led him on to evil,
The syren, woman, and the serpent, devil—
So our first sire his innocence resigned,
And *changed* the destinies of all mankind !

Then sin was born, and Death received his power
To reign triumphant o'er each fleeting hour—
Then earth was peopled—o'er its surface wide
A sea of human life and human pride
Spread far and vast—and all Earth's passions then
Were given their dwellings in the souls of men.
Dark Hatred—glowing Love, and coward Fear—
Blood-stained Revenge—meek Pity with her tear,
Black-hooded Sorrow—laughing, dancing Mirth,
Were born to glad, or curse, the teeming earth.

Time had sped onward—centuries had decayed,
Man once the forfeit of his sins had paid,
Broad o'er the earth the out-spread flood had whirled,
And Death had reapt the harvest of the world !
Again 'twas peopled—man was still the same,
And, as his generations onward came,
Knowledge increased—Fair Science then was born,
And her soft influence, like the star of morn,
Glanced o'er the Nile—while Genius, like the ray
Of the clear sun, amid the perfect day,
Diffused its beaming glories all around,
And Earth hailed Egypt as her classic ground.
There Hermes dwelt—there first the lyre's sweet tone
By him invented, to mankind was known ;
There great Sesostriis launched forth to the gale
The earliest ship that ever bore a sail ;
There first, to man the wondrous art was given
To trace the courses of the hosts of Heaven,
To mark the planets' blaze with borrowed light,
And those bright stars that gem the brow of night ;
Those beauteous groups that so harmonious move,
Like sister Angels, bound in cords of love.
A thousand arts had birth in Egypt's clime,
Destined to live through all the lapse of Time.
She rose in splendor, and her noontide rays
Flashed o'er the world like some vast meteor's blaze ;
Her noon soon passed—her glories sped away
And darkness followed her refulgent day.
The Ambracian gulf and Actium's towering coast,
Witnessed Rome's Eagles triumph o'er her host,
Saw her voluptuous queen ignobly fly
Away from death—by her own hand to die.
O'er Egypt's fame the clouds of midnight curled,
And Rome's proud legions had subdued the world !
E'en now, mankind, astonished, view her plains,
And dream what must have been, from what remains !
See her vast structures pointing to the sky—
The tombs of kings, whose names shall never die,
The Pharaoh's, who, as long as Israel's host
Remain recorded, never can be lost,
And while the orb of light shall rise and set
Who can the name of Ptolemy forget !

Though Egypt fell before th' all-conquering hand
That swayed o'er earth its talismanic wand,

The arts survived, and science found a home,
 A nurse—a mother in Imperial Rome.
 Mankind improved—even in that iron age,
 The Drama trod, in dignity, the stage;
 Greece lent her torches to increase the flame,
 And art and learning from her Islands came;
 So bright—so brilliant was the glittering page,
 That Rome then gloried in her golden age.
 Then Herace sang—then Ovid tuned his lyre,
 And gave his notes of love in tones of fire;
 Then the sweet bard of Mantua gave to Fame,
 That ne'er shall die, the magic of his name.
 Imperial Rome! thine arms did then embrace
 And sway the movements of the human race—
 Thy navies swept the seas—earth owned thy rod—
 And kingdoms toppled downward at thy nod!
 Like some proud queen in regal pomp arrayed,
 Rome, in her pride, her vassal worlds surveyed;
 Her sun, her glorious sun, had reached its height,
 And then was flaming with meridian light.
 Her great Augustus, famed in arms and arts,
 Who reigned, triumphant in the people's hearts,
 The *Pater Patriæ*—and on history's page
 E'en to this day, whose name defines an age—
 It was his generous soul's expanded light
 That led his Country to her envious height.
 He died! to fade, Rome's glories soon begun,
 And Science mourned her loved, her cherished son.

A picture of the past we now unroll
 Which glows with beauties to the Christian soul—
 Sin long had ruled man's life with iron power,
 Nor suffered Hope to soothe his dying hour;
 The curse of Eden heaved in every breath,
 And scowled in horror o'er the couch of death;
 Eternity's broad sea rolled on in gloom—
 Man knew no certain fate beyond the tomb!

A star appeared—a bright, a brilliant star
 Glowed in the East, and spread its rays afar;
 The "wise men" marked its beaming glories shine,
 And hailed it as the harbinger divine
 That should the front of Heaven's blue vault adorn,
 When Christ, the Saviour of the world, was born.
 To holy Bethlehem it led their way,
 Where in his humble bed the Saviour lay,

There did it rest—its glowing radiance, shed
From the pure fount of light, glowed round his head ;
They hailed the child—they blessed the auspicious morn,
And the glad tidings spread that Christ was born !

Years passed away, a man that child became,
Though meek and lowly, in his Father's name
A power he wielded, which, since time began
No earthly mind has exercised o'er man !
As the bright sunbeams pierce the reign of night,
The unknown future he revealed in light,
And raptured thousands in his footsteps trod,
And owned the influence of the Son of God.
He closed his earthly course, so mild, so pure,
In agony that life could not endure ;
To save mankind, he yielded up his breath,
And laid him down in the cold arms of death.

The boon to man this Holy Being brought,
The priceless change that with his blood was bought,
The world, in all her farthest bounds has felt,
And heathen millions to *our* God have knelt ;
They, through the Faith by the Redeemer given,
Have sought, with confidence, the Christian heaven,
It came from God to light this darken'd earth,
And shall return to Him who gave it birth,
When, summoned by the last dread trumpet's tone,
Assembled myriads meet before his throne :
Then shall that Faith, on earth the Christian's stay,
Sustain those myriads on that dreadful day !

Ere we, our way o'er history's path resume,
Let us, upon the glory and the gloom
Of Ancient Greece, but for a moment dwell ;
That land which, erst, fair Science loved so well—
That land, the birth-place of the great, the brave,
Whose war-cry still was, Victory or the grave !
Thermopylæ's famed pass, Platea's plain,
Taught Persia's millions that they fought in vain,
That Grecian valor yielded with its breath,
And that its only conqueror was death !
Bravest in arms, and first in every art,
Of virtue—valor, Hellas seemed the heart
From whence the mighty current started forth
That bore Art's life-blood over all the South.

That was her age of glory—she was free—
 She was victorious o'er the land—the sea,
 Her people, brave, abstemious, virtuous, stern,
 And bright within each breast did Freedom burn !

A change came o'er them—that sweet siren song
 That sings no evil, urged their course along,
 Till, within pleasure's magic circle bound
 They, by th' all-conquering arm of Rome were found.
 And they were conquered—in a luckless hour
 They bowed themselves beneath the Roman power.
 Then was their age of gloom, and since that time
 Fate's frown has seemed to lower o'er their fair clime !

Greece—modern Greece, what orisons for thee
 Have freemen raised, that thou mightest yet be free !
 And when thy sword, for freedom, late was drawn,
 We hailed the omen as thy day's new dawn,
 After thy night of ages—fondly deemed
 That Greece—lost Greece, again should be redeemed.
 We hailed her victories as we would our own,
 When the proud Tyrant-Turk was overthrown ;
 We mourned Bozzaris' fate, but, in our grief,
 Joyed that he died, as should a Suliot chief,
 In a proud effort his loved land to save,
 While Victory's banner floated o'er his grave !

But all was vain—her blood was poured in vain,
 Agrapha's heights and Cheronea's plain,
 Thermopylæ's proud field—though all were won,
 These could not stay her fast declining sun—
 Division, discord, jealousy, distrust,
 With these her councils and her camp were curst !
 Though to the Turk she bows no more the knee,
 She bows to other Powers—she is not free !

Once more of Rome—the world's proud mistress fell
 From the vast height she had maintained so well ;
 Still, on her downward course were gleams of light,
 Like the bright train that marks the meteor's flight,
 Or, as the parting sun's reflected rays,
 Make the arched heavens in gorgeous glory blaze,
 So Martial's, Juvenal's, and Plutarch's page,
 Spread their bright beams o'er Rome's declining age—
 Bæthius, skilled in classic learning, last
 Of the bright throng, that had illumed the past,

Within whose soul still glowed the classic fire,
Was doomed to death beneath the jealous ire
Of one who, in all else, was truly good—
And the last star of science set in blood!
Thus Rome declined—"her glories, one by one,"
She saw depart, until her latest sun
Sunk 'neath th' horizon. Then, like Ocean's foam,
Darkness swept over Literature and Rome!

Another age commenced—that age of gloom,
In which no science did the world illumine—
Darkness o'erwhelmed the intellectual day,
And ignorance assumed her iron sway.
The liberal arts were banished—letters then
Were driven, like lepers, from the haunts of men,
But in their flight they sought and found a home,
A dwelling 'neath the Monastery's dome
Else had they perished—else the holy fire
Had been forever quenched—the Poet's lyre,
The Artist's pencil—the Historian's pen,
Could ne'er have taught a former World, to men,—
No Spring of Literature could e'er unbind
That dark, Siberian winter of the mind!
But Learning lived—thanks to those monks of old,
They sacred kept that more than mine of gold,
The mine of learning, pure and undefiled,
While man grew savage, and the World ran wild.

Centuries passed on—still Darkness held, unfurled,
His ebon banner, waving o'er the World—
Men were divided—all the bonds were riven
That erst to Power had strength and union given,
As if some moral earthquake's mighty birth
Had shaken all the nations of the earth!
The rage and rapine, cruelty and wrong
That to that age of ignorance belong,
As they on History's faithful page appear,
Claim from stern man the tribute of a tear,
And teach a lesson, which our age should mark—
What mankind are when all the mind is dark,
And that, when Nations are in fragments torn,
The people soon in ignorance will mourn!

But pass we onward o'er those days of gloom,
When learning slumbered in her living tomb,

When Vandal barbarism and Gothic power,
Spread o'er the World and ruled the dismal hour.
From those beclouded years we turn away,
To watch the dawning of a brighter day.

What saw the World—from whence came forth that
gleam,
That thread of sunlight—like some silvery dream
To the worn heart, depressed with care and wo,
That finds in dreams what day cannot bestow—
Whence did it come? From that Green Isle it came—
That bright medallion in its ocean frame,
That emerald of the deep, where, since that morn,
Wit, learning, eloquence, have all been born ;
Aye—from that Isle came the first gleam of light
That broke the darkness of the age of night.
'Twas but a ray—the furious Northmen came,
And soon again was lost the feeble flame—
No—'twas not *lost*—extinguished for a while,
It was re-lighted in Great Britain's Isle.
Then came the age on which, in after days,
The thoughts of man turned backward in amaze,
The time when bigotry and glory ran
Their courses equal in the soul of man ;
When knighthood donned the helmet, shield and brand,
For death or victory in the Holy Land—
When Christendom its hosts on hosts engaged,
To win the tomb wherein the Christ was laid.

And now, even now, when we turn back the page
And read the glowing history of that age—
Its warlike courage and fanatic zeal,
Its stern devotion for the Christian weal,
To the mind's eye a picture of that time,
Gorgeous in gold—in energy sublime—
Seems spread abroad—we mark the troops advance—
We *see* the charging steed, the crashing lance,
The glittering shield, the cuirass gleaming bright,
The gold-wrought banner flaming in the light.
The picture widens—mighty hosts are seen,
Kings, Knights and Barons, all in glittering sheen,
Are leading onward to the tented plain,
Their tens of thousands, who shall ne'er again
See merry England, France, or fair Lorraine !
The rush of moving steeds—the clang of steel—
The sharp quick word, to march, to halt, to wheel,

Seems to be heard, and, as the troops pass by,
Imagination swells their battle cry—
“ God wills—God wills !”—but never, never more
Shall that great host e’er tread their native shore !
Swept from the earth, by the fierce Moslem bands,
Their bones shall whiten on those Eastern sands.

The picture changes—armies vast, again,
Are seen assembled on the Paynim plain—
There Philip, with the chivalry of France,
Is seen, as forth the glittering lines advance,
And England’s myriads—what proud knightly form
Leads on their banners to the battle storm ?
Richard, the Lion-hearted—nobler name
Ne’er swelled the proud notes of the trump of Fame—
It, even now, illumines with its blaze,
The sombre page that marks those gloomy days.

The Islam bands and Christian troops advance,
The Moslem sabre meets the gleaming lance,
The clang of ringing arms, the yell of rage
Swell to the skies as the fierce hosts engage
In the hot battle—desperate is the strife—
Not waged for Freedom, Liberty, or Life—
But every thrust and every blow is given,
To win a Paynim, or a Christian Heaven !
Such was that holy—or unholy strife—
Years—years of blood, vast sacrifice of life
Marked that sad age of glory and of gloom
When bigot rage sent millions to the tomb !
What were the laurels—what did victory yield
Of good—save glory—on that blood-stained field ?
Nothing !—aye, nothing !—but a beacon flame
On history’s heights, as ages onward came,
Was left to warn them that fanatic zeal,
Though glory mark its course, aids not a nation’s weal.

When some lone ship is on broad ocean tossed,
By clouds encircled, and her reck’ning lost,
No star by night, no beaming sun by day
To cheer her forward on her watery way,
When o’er her deck the briny current flows,
And the worn sailor cannot know repose,
What joy, what gladness lightens up his soul,
When the dark clouds far in the distance roll,

When the bright sun pours down his cheering ray,
And the wide ocean glitters 'neath the day !
So joyed the world—the sombre ages o'er—
To see the light of Learning shine once more.
From the dark monkish cell and cloistered dome,
Where, like a Vestal, she had found a home ;
Forth Science came, clothed in perennial bloom,
Bursting the cerements of her living tomb.

Then came the time, when art, with skill combined,
Bestowed on letters what Heaven gave to mind,
When Faust's bright name immortalized an age,
And man, astonished, *feared* his printed page,
And vainly thought, so wild the folly ran,
Some demon mind had leagued itself with man !
But a more liberal and enlightened hour
Soon dawned, and Genius owned the mighty power—
That Power—the People's friend—the Tyrant's dread—
That Power—which Science o'er the Earth has spread ;
That Power—so clearly destined by its might
To keep the flame of learning always bright—
That mighty engine, whence the bolts are hurled,
That batter down the follies of the world,
Shall live till Time destroys the scroll of Fame—
Shall live—oh FAUST—immortal as thy name !

Years roll'd along, and all the Arts improved,
Whole fleets and navies o'er the ocean moved,
Man fearless launched forth on the mighty deep,
Trusting a trembling wire his course to keep—
Wondrous discovery—how must Giri's soul,
When first his needle pointed to the pole,
And varied not—have burned—what visions bright,
What glorious dreams have visited his night !
Even to this hour, man's philosophic mind
And deep research has wholly failed to find
Why it is so—like the immortal fire
That warms the soul, that never can expire,
He knows it is—no further can he know—
Thus far he goes—no further can he go !
As we the magnet view, we almost feel
That an immortal soul endues the steel ;
And trusting, where all trust should ever be—
In the Great God—the sailor roams the sea,
And, while it points its course o'er ocean's blue,
He asks no reason why the steel is true !

What change—what mighty change this simple wire,
Touched with some essence of ethereal fire,
Has spread o'er earth—by it her farthest bound
Has been explored—by it a world was found—
This broad, this spreading, glorious land—our own
But for this silent guide had ne'er been known
Save to the savage. He who balanced earth,
When, in his wisdom, first he gave it birth,
Decreed the means, and formed a daring soul,
Unknowing fear, and careless of control,
And gave it vigor every ill to brave—
To meet all danger on the boundless wave,
And when his lofty purpose once was planned,
To seek, beyond the Western main, a land.
The power of men and elements combined,
To thwart *that* purpose could not move *his* mind!
With steadfast faith he left his native shore,
A boundless, unknown ocean to explore—
That ocean crossed—COLUMBUS here unfurled
His flag as sovereign of this Western world!

Another scene on the great drama's page,
Another picture of another age,
Let us unfold. Stern winter rules the year—
On a wild coast a pilgrim band appear—
Whence came, what sought they there in that dark hour?
Why—while heaven's tempests o'er their heads do lower,
Doth stern resolve—firm purpose, mark each eye,
As if their motto were—" *We'll do, or die!*"
Those were our fathers—to that spot they came,
To seek an altar, and to light the flame
Of their pure faith—driven from their own fair land
By dire oppression, to a foreign strand,
There did they dwell, nor fear a Tyrant's rod—
There, as high Heaven inspired them, worship God!
Let us, in fancy's bright and blissful dream,
Roll back, of human life the mighty stream
And mark, by Jamestown's shore, the little band
Who left their own to seek a freer land,
Or let us, 'mid that worn and weary flock,
That friendless, houseless, stood on Plymouth rock,
But take our stand, and let us note the years
Of toil—of blood—despondency and tears,
That saw the budding of the mighty tree
Beneath whose shadow millions now are free—

And thank our God—their God—who led them forth,
Who, in those frozen regions of the North,
And 'neath the summer sky and blasting breath
Of breezes laden with disease and death,
Was their protector—let us praise His power,
Whose light shed radiance o'er their darkest hour—
Who led them onward, gave them greatness, fame,
Until the sires of millions they became !
As soars our eagle in majestic flight,
Towering, aye towering into Heaven's own light,
His wing untiring on his onward sweep,
His flight as boundless as the boundless deep—
So, from that pious, patriotic band,
Has spread the mighty empire of our land !

But pause we here—for, of those men of old,
The story has a thousand times been told—
The mother to her daughter—sire to son,
By the bright fire-side when the day was done,
The Statesman's voice—the Poet's burning line
Have told the tale—he it no task of mine
Again to tell it—for in every soul,
Where the pure fire of Freedom holds control,
In every nation where one ray of light
From Freedom's sun illumines the Despot's night,
Is known that story of our stern, bold sires,
And it shall live till Time himself expires !

We've viewed the Past—by History's faithful light
We've seen the rising day—the setting night,
With rapid vision turned from page to page,
And marked the lights and shades of many an age !
Now the broad Present spreads before our gaze—
The Sun of Science, in his noontide blaze,
Is beaming o'er us—Genius lends her power,
And Art and Learning rule the happy hour.
There is one change in this, our living age
To mark *our* deeds in history's future page—
One which, through all the years to come shall stand,
To crown the science of our glorious land.
The eccentric blaze that flashes o'er the sky,
When the air darkens and the storm is high,
By bold invention and surpassing skill
Now bows, a subject, to the human will ;
Swifter than thought, the intense and subtle fire,
To do man's bidding flies along the wire :

Old Time is conquered, distance is o'erthrown,
And Nova Zembla joins the Torrid zone !
Fame shall be his whose searching mind has given
To man the power to wield the fire of Heaven,
And the old fables, which in legends run,
Of harnessing the horses of the sun,
Seem now no fables, since more wondrous far
He yokes the lightning to his rapid car !
Fame shall be his !—and when in future days
Philosophy her monument shall raise
To those who, bravest, boldest in her cause,
Have curbed and bitted Nature's subtlest laws,
On the same tablet with our FRANKLIN's name,
Thine, MORSE, in blazing characters shall flame !

What marks this era from all eras past ?
This age drives onward like a rushing blast,
Action—invention and improvement seem
To mark this era, as "THE AGE OF STEAM."
By land or sea mankind are onward whirled,
By this vast power which has compressed the world.
Voyages to trips—journeys to jaunts are turned,
And Jehu's rapid speed would now be spurned !
Navies that erst in majesty did sweep,
Urged by the winds of heaven, across the deep,
Now, like black monsters of Erebean birth,
Sent to defy the powers of air and earth,
Against the wind—against the rushing tide,
Go, wheezing, boiling, onward in their pride !
All things are changing, and we almost deem
We soon shall realize the brilliant dream
Of those Utopean minds, whose luring page
Glow with the fancy of a *perfect age* !
Since Mesmerism its wonders hath revealed,
And daily tells us what should be concealed,
And since Daguerre can fix, on substance, shade,
And beauteous pictures are of sunbeams made,
We scarce can doubt some schemer soon will find
A way by which man may Daguerreotype the mind !

But, to be serious, thanks we owe to Heaven
For all the blessings which to us are given !
Our land is blessed—our vast, our spreading land,
With peace and plenty—Science, hand in hand
With toiling industry, moves on its way,
And the broad landscape glows with intellectual day.

Those glowing arts, the pride of many an age,
 That spread their brightness o'er the sombre page
 Of all past Time—that History's path illumine—
 That cast a light e'en o'er the darksome tomb,
 Here, amongst us, a dwelling place have found,
 And shed their cheering influence all around.
 The pencil, of all arts the magic wand,
 Is wielded here by many a master hand,
 The kindred burin, o'er the polished shene,
 Traces with truth the painter's mimic scene,
 And that grand art, best to Italia known,
 Now owns *our* brethren somewhat near her throne ;
 And, when the history of this age appears,
 After the lapse of time—the death of years,
 High on the scroll, amid the Artist band
 Shall POWERS and GREENOUGH with THORWALDSEN
 stand !

The Artist's pencil ! oh the enchanting spell
 That dwells within that hand which wields it well !
 Go to yon mountain, mark the gorgeous west
 In all its splendid evening drapery drest—
 Turn to the East—far o'er yon plain is borne
 A storm-cloud by the vivid lightning torn,
 While all its western edge is dazzling bright
 As if, by sunbeams, it were lined with light—
 Oh 'tis a glorious scene—in rapture gaze,
 'Tis fading—fading—now, has ceased to blaze
 The evening sun—'tis gone and all is grey,
 Its beauties have, forever, passed away !
 The artist can revive that scene once more,
 And all its shade and glowing light restore ;
 The magic power to him alone is given
 Thus to replace what Time from earth has riven.

See, bending—weeping o'er that sculptured urn
 That widowed form—she doth a being mourn
 Who, 'mid the tide of rushing life, she chose
 To share her pleasures, and to soothe her woes.
 She weeps—but, weeping, gazes—finds relief,
 And a sad happiness e'en marks her grief ;
 What doth she gaze on ? Bless the Artist's skill !
 'Tis the resemblance that death cannot kill—
 'Tis the loved form which, living shall no more
 Greet her until she reaches that bright shore

Where all Earth's loved ones who have passed away
Again shall meet, at Heaven's appointed day.

We're a proud people—and we're proud of right !
We boast—and well we may—Time in his flight
Has never seen a nation spread in power
As ours has widened since its natal hour—
Since first our fathers sought this Western strand
And *one* frail vessel bore the little band !
Now leagues on leagues the heaving ocean's roar
Comes bursting on our broad Atlantic shore,
Where Commerce dwells—from thence to every sea,
Is borne the glorious banner of the Free,
Thence far—far Westward may our eagle fly
Beneath the arching of his native sky,
And, though a nestling by the ocean's foam,
He, on the Rocky Mountains, finds a *home* !

WE'RE A GREAT PEOPLE—while the silken band
That binds the UNION of this happy land
Remains unbroken, we no dread may feel
Of foreign influence or of foreign steel—
We may condemn the bolts against us hurled—
THROW DOWN OUR GAUNTLET, AND DEFY THE WORLD !

J. P. Murch
May 3^d 1845









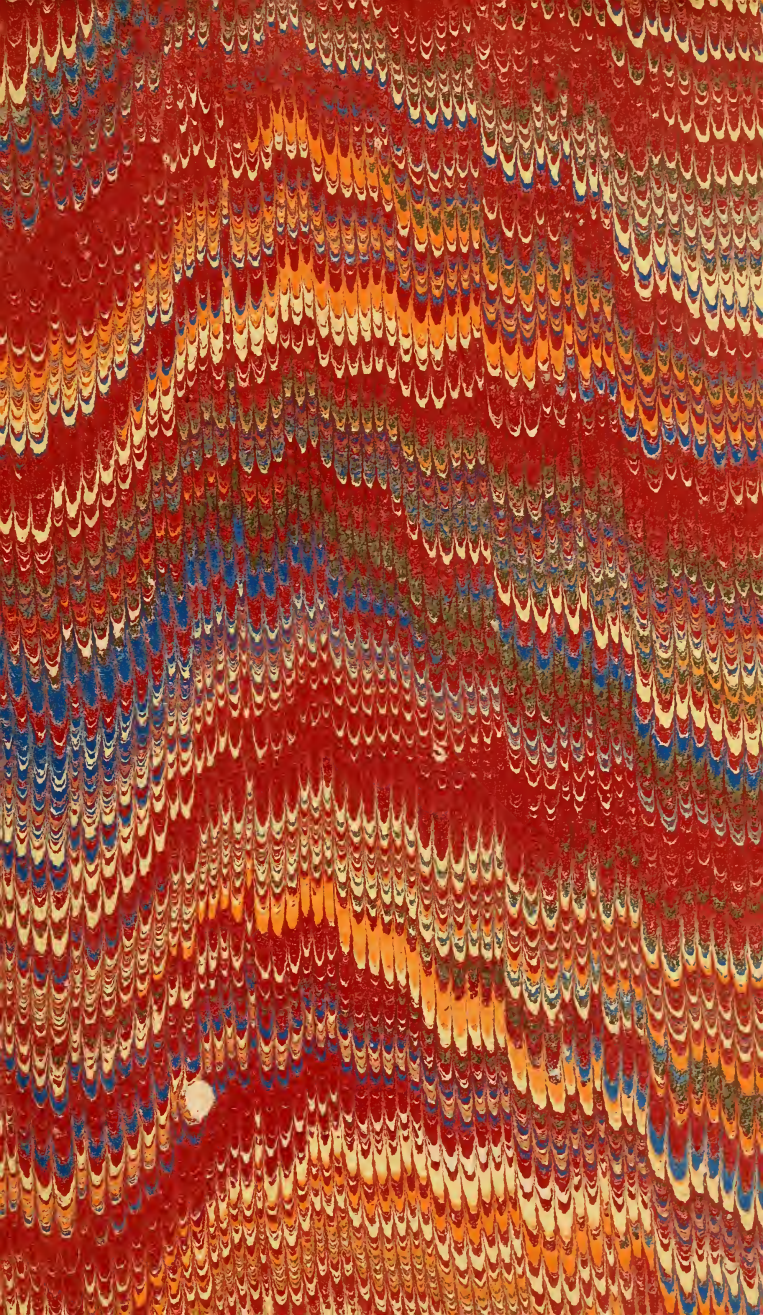












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